

SHEEP DOGS of The RANGE

Endowed With Almost Human Intelligence.

THEIR goes "Big Jim" and the most wonderful sheep dogs in the world. A faint of a fellow with a browned and determined, yet pleasant face, had dismounted from his horse in front of the solitary restaurant located by the thriving sheep and cattle town of Buffalo, in northern Wyoming. Instead of the beautiful silky-haired collies conjured by the imagination, there trotted at his heels two rather small dogs, one black from tip to tip and the other black, save for a white breast.

Introduction to Jim Everett, like introduction to nearly all the outdoor men of the west, was not a matter of getting a card past a stony-faced private secretary. In three minutes Jim was expatiating on the accomplishments of his sheep dogs and extending an invitation to the writer to extend some of their feats—a bid that was promptly accepted.

Next day on the vast, open range through which Crazy Woman creek, a branch of the Powder river, leaves an alkali-bleached trail, "Big Jim" showed what his sheep dogs could do.

HALF WOLVES.

"In the first place," said Jim, "these dogs are not half-bred collies, as you may have noticed. The collie is a fine dog for sheep—in Scotland, but over here he needs a big strain of the wolf in him to make him effective. These dogs are half wolf. I caught their mother myself, out on the plains. Today these pups show more of the wolf strain than they do of the collie. Their ears are always pointed up, and they can hear twice as well as an ordinary collie. They are always on the lookout for danger, and their feet—well, that is their strong point. You see how thick the cactus grows in this country. Well, an ordinary dog has got his feet full of cactus thorns when he comes into camp at night with the band of sheep. After the band has been bedded the herder's got to spend an hour or two by the camp fire picking cactus out of his feet—and neither do you see these dogs doing the same trick. Just for this reason alone, the wolf strain makes an animal like Nig or Lady the ideal sheep tender."

ELECTRIFYING QUIET.

Nig and Lady, at this time, were several rods away, sitting on their haunches, and looking out across the plains with that peculiar, alert expression that never seemed to desert them. Jim did not raise his voice above the conversational pitch, but on the contrary dropped it a little, when he said:

"Where's that coyote?"

The human ear, at its sharpest, could not have detected the words at a distance of more than a few rods. Nig and Lady heard every word, and instantly they were up and away, racing around the band of sheep, and ready to grapple with any coyote or wolf that might be lurking in a sheltering arroyo. Suddenly Jim raised his arms, until they extended in a horizontal position, and then he let them fall at his side. Instantly Nig and Lady stopped and sat down, with their eyes on their master.

WORK ON SIGNALS.

"You see it's not much use to yell at a dog, especially when you've got to yell against a Wyoming windstorm," said Jim. "So I've trained my dogs to work on signals—regular brakeman signals they are."

Here Jim waved one hand toward the left, and Nig and Lady trotted off in that direction.

"If I want 'em to run around the sheep the other way," said Jim, "I just wave the other hand. When I want them to come in, I just raise my hands over my head like this."

Up came the alert, brawny arms, and in trotted the sheep dogs and took up their station at their master's feet. At a motion, one of the dogs took a long excursion around the band looking for stray lambs that might have become separated from the flock, thereby offering themselves an easy prey for coyotes. Another motion, and the remaining dog "cut out" a single sheep from the bunch and lay down to guard it.

DUTY PARAMOUNT.

"That dog will watch that sheep for hours, until I call him off," said Jim, "and it would go hard with anybody who tried to touch the sheep that's under his care."

Like good soldiers, "Big Jim's" sheep dogs held duty paramount. They adore their master, but at a word from him they are as willing to fight with other shepherds, and work for the strangers. Jim himself is not a herder. He has "graduated," and is camp tender for one of the big sheep outfits that make their headquarters at Buffalo. In early days, when the long-horn steer was king of the range, Jim was a cowboy, and he has many a story to tell of his adventures in the once-despised sheep business. "Bigger pay, less work, and a dashed sight better treatment," he says, "than any of the reasons for his desertion of the cattle game."

LANDS ON A BRUTE.

A day or two after he had shown what his dogs could do, "Big Jim" created something of a commotion in Buffalo. The most peaceful and good-natured of men, Jim blazes into a horse when any one ventures to abuse his dogs. A drunken cattleman from Powder River was staggered into the restaurant, where he was curled up near the door, and the cattleman, who was just drunk enough to be ugly, kicked one of the animals. Instantly Jim, great bulk towering over the fellow, gave him a sickening smash as the giant's fist round lodged on the cattleman's face, and the man, who was Powder River tumbled into an unconscious heap in the corner. "Big Jim" grasped him by the collar and tried to get him on his feet, but the fellow, legs bent under him in helplessness, and in prize-fighting parlance, it was evident that he was "down and out."

When he recovered consciousness he crawled out of the restaurant, lost some time in getting away from "Big Jim's" baleful gaze.

DOGS ARE INVULNERABLE.

It is almost an impossibility for a herder to work sheep on the open range without sheep dogs. There is much more detail to the sheep herder's work than is ordinarily supposed. The herder must be out before sun-up, as the sheep do not linger long on the bed ground, but are soon upon the scattered and the plain, excepting the scant grass or nibbling at the tops of the sagebrush. Coyotes and wolves are so numerous that it is necessary to keep constant care for an average of 2,500 to 3,000 sheep, in a band, it will be recognized at once that caring for a flock of sheep is no easy job. A man who would soon exhaust a man if he had no aid. The dogs render invaluable service, however. They are constant, driving in the sheep that become too widely scattered for safety. The good temper of the dogs is endless. Their work is particularly difficult in herding and inclined to fight, as a rule, and every once in a while a big fellow makes a charge at the sheep dog with a occasionally ram. But the sheep dog never tries to retaliate, but continues his patient work as undisturbed as the foolish flock. Even at night when the band has bedded down, the dog's work is not ended. The sheep is a most easily frightened animal, and particularly at night. A slight noise

will send the whole sleeping band to its feet and scurrying through the darkness. Unlike cattle, they do not fear, but when coyotes are waiting in every arroyo it does not take much of a stampede to result in considerable loss.

Naturally a strong bond of affection grows between the average sheep herder and his dog. The dog shares the comforts of the home-like sheep wagons in which most of the herders live. They have the best of food and care, which is no more than just when one considers the faithful and intelligent service they give.

GUARDED FLOCK THREE DAYS.

The stirring annals of the west are full of stories of the devotion and intelligence of sheep dogs. The herder who trusts his flock in the face of danger considers himself disgraced, and his dog seems to catch the same spirit of faithfulness. Not long ago a herder in eastern Colorado was struck by lightning. Many herders consider death in this way, as thunderstorms on the plains are frequent, and the lightning of the flocks usually stand on the highest hill so they can keep an eye on all of the straggling bands. In this instance it was three days before the herder's body was found, yet his dog had guarded the bunch at night and brought it to the bed ground, and next morning had gone through the camp, and when the herder's body was found, the dog was missing, but the faithful dog was nearly starved.

MENACE OF THE BLIZZARD.

The fearful blizzards that sweep over the plains are the greatest menace to the herders and their canine companions. In winter the flocks graze on the prairies, and in summer they are driven to the mountains. There is absolutely no protection on the plains, and the herder who stays away from his wagon in one of these blizzards is likely to pay for his folly with his life. Sometimes the sheep will begin to drift before a storm, and the united efforts of men and dogs will turn their band back. The sheep wander on until at last they huddle together in some arroyo and are covered with drifting snow and soon mother too death. If the herder and his dog cannot find their way back to camp, they perish miserably.

SAVED BY HIS DOG.

Last winter a herder in Albany county, Wyoming, would have lost his life but for his collie dog. He lost all sense of direction while wandering in a blizzard. He knew the flock was perishing, and it was his sole idea to get back to camp to save his own life. He struggled on all night, with his dog at his side, but at last gave up in despair, and sank down in the drifts to die. Several times he did this, but each time his dog would turn his clothes and refuse to allow him to sink into the slumber that would have

ended him. Finally the dog barked and led him to camp, where he was found by the herder's wife.

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being his last. Aroused by the devotion of the dog, the herder would struggle to his feet and stagger on. Finally in the evening of the second day, the blizzard slackened and he saw a light, which proved to be from a ranch house, and he and his dog were saved.

On the Red desert of Wyoming a couple of winters ago a herder named William Moody was caught in a blizzard. Cut off from his camp he wandered about the fenceless plain until at last he sank down and died. He had two shepherd dogs that stood guard over his body two weeks. The dogs lived on the carcasses of frozen sheep, and it was through them that a searching party found the body of the herder lying face down in the snow.

TAUGHT TRICKS.

Mexicans are very skillful in training sheep dogs, and the herders of the southwest sometimes teach their canine companions many tricks, such as going to camp and bringing back a stick of tobacco or any article for which the herder may ask. Occasionally, on the Montana plains, one meets an old Scotch herder who has cared for sheep in the old country, and who is an enthusiastic and convincing champion in behalf of the pure-bred collie.

As a rule, when they have outlived their usefulness, and can no longer undergo the exhausting work of herding sheep, the faithful dogs are replaced by younger animals and spend their remaining years on the "home ranch"—and who shall say that these pensioners have not earned all the favors they receive?

ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

THE NEW PURE FOOD AND DRUG LAW.

We are pleased to announce that F. J. Hill Drug Co. is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug law as it contains no plates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and adults. For sale by F. J. Hill Drug Co., "The Never Substituted."

Big time Saltair tonight.

ONLY \$1.25

To Brigham and return, Sept. 16th.

THE COLLABORATORS.

At supper in his beautiful New York house, Clyde Fitch, the playwright, was condemning a comedy that had failed.

"Such a disjointed comedy," said Mr. Fitch. "It reminds me of a conversation between two playwrights of the splendid idea '40s."

"My one-act drama was returned to me this morning," said the first playwright, draining his glass.

"So was mine," said the second. "Splendid!" cried the other. "I'll tell you what will do. We'll turn both into a two-act play."



P. H. MORRISSEY, LABOR LEADER.

Patrick Henry Morrissey, grand master of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, is the man on whom depends largely the fate of the big strike in the northwest where hundreds of miles of railways and thousands of men are tied up in a gigantic struggle unless Mr. Morrissey can find a way to appease the men and prevail on the railways to prevent any further cuts in wages. Mr. Morrissey was born at Bloomington, Ill., on September 11, 1862, and was given a high school education. He married Miss Anna M. Brechwald in 1887. He has been the head of the present organization since August 1, 1895.

INSECT PHENOMENON.

A European correspondent of the Country Gentleman tells of the peculiar occurrence of insect plagues in various parts of Europe this season. In Italy, the presence of an unusual number of white butterflies caused a collision between two tramway cars at Florence. The rails were made slippery by hundreds of thousands of the creatures falling on the metals and being crushed by the cars. The cars that collided had the windows broken, many of the passengers were bruised, and the drivers were injured. The work of cleaning the rails was rendered difficult by the appearance of fresh clouds of butterflies. The presence of the swarms was attributed to the great heat and to the electricity in the atmosphere. Several places in the neighborhood of Lisbon suffered from a plague of large, black, venomous flies. Numbers of sheep and cattle bitten by them died. Again, prodigious quantities of dragon flies have traversed the island of Alderney and the adjacent mainland of France. At certain moments they formed dense clouds, flying low or rising above the trees, while all proceeded in the same direction—from southwest to northeast. The phenomenon has created quite a sensation, and is looked upon by the inhabitants as an omen of great drought. Barges regatta being accompanied at sea by dragon flies in immense numbers.

A WONDERFUL CLEAN, STRAIGHT TALK

On the Folly of Using Cathartics for Trying to Cure Constipation, and How to Stop it Absolutely Without Pills or Medicine.

Prof. T. H. Midgley Gives Remarkable Talk on How His Idea Has Worked Remarkable Results in Curing Constipation Without Medicine.

A timely and interesting talk by Prof. T. H. Midgley on a point which is most vital to every man, woman and child in this country—the way to stop the spreading danger of chronic constipation.

It is one of the simplest things in the world to cure even the worst case of chronic constipation, and yet nearly every man, woman and child who has done as he advocates, that we think it is a public benefit to make them know.

24-Hour "Habit" All Important.

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Most Quit Pill Habit.

"You young and middle-aged men and women who eat and drink everything you like, and you old men and women who are addicted to pill-eating to keep your bowels moving, you don't realize that there would not be one hundredth part of the disease on earth today if your bowels were absolutely regular."

"You can shake your first at almost any old disease, if you've got the bowels to do business every 24 hours. This is plain talk, but every doctor will tell you the same thing, only he may be more particular in his language, but he won't have the impression on your mind."

"Now, you can't cure constipation with one of these pills, and that's why there is much constipation today is because there are so many druggists who are selling you pills, and you are gulled and swallowed by so many thousands of people."

"It is true these cathartics sluice out the bowels clean, but they also sluice out that bowel-moving juice or secretion which Nature has put in every good bowel to make it work easy and right. When this natural bowel-moving juice is cleaned out of your bowels become mere dead-pipes. Then you get a bad case of constipation, and pills are swallowed to do the moving. This goes on, over and over again."

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"You Simply Can't Cure Constipation with Pills, Powders or Potions. Force is Only a Temporary Relief."

The "Midgley Way" Without Medicine.

You have ever had come to your notice. You will be amazed to see the array of letters that are received daily by this benefactor of mankind, who answers all letters sent to him and asks no charge for the advice which he freely gives. These letters are from worried, pill-ridden patients who have tried the "Midgley Way" as a last desperate effort, and have been cured as easily as though they had but a mere cold.

For the benefit of those who have taken the trouble to pick out at random a few of these letters and publish them. For instance, Mr. F. G. Jackson, who had almost become a mere skeleton and had suffered for 19 years, cured himself in a few days. Mrs. Morgan Parkhurst of Gerry, N. Y., suffered for 10 years and cured herself in 30 days; and so on down the list.

"Jackson, Old Boy, You're Looking Fine."

Mr. F. G. Jackson, Mining Engineer of the American Flag Quartz Mine at Comptonville, Cal., writes: "Prof. T. H. Midgley, Dear Sir:—I took your advice and have gained 10 pounds in weight and my friends remark that I look like 'Jackson, old boy, you're looking fine.' I tried almost every kind of patent medicine for 19 years to no good. Your advice has proved a marvelous one. I was almost a skeleton, but now I feel as young and hearty as I did 20 years ago. I thank God and Prof. T. H. Midgley."

Was Near Death.

Thos. Needham, 128 S. 4th Ave., Chicago, says: "I suffered from chronic constipation for 10 years. A regular cathartic in the market in vain. Doctors could do nothing and death seemed near. By following your advice I cured myself permanently in just one month."

Had Tried Every Kind of Medicine.

Miss Ella Cea, of Boone, Ia., says: "I have been a constant sufferer from that dread disease, constipation, all my life. I had tried every kind of medicine, but nothing would do me any good. I was almost a skeleton and had suffered for 19 years, cured myself in a few days. Mrs. Morgan Parkhurst of Gerry, N. Y., suffered for 10 years and cured herself in 30 days; and so on down the list."

Doctors Admitted Drug-Sin.

The Chief Clerk of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, located at New Brunswick, N. J., says: "I have suffered from chronic constipation for the past six years, taking most all of the pills and powders I ever heard of. At one time I became so bad I decided to give up my position with the railroad, as I felt my days were numbered. A physician told me that he, as well as others were powerless to cure constipation with drugs, saying that the purgatives in the bowels and eventually paralyze them. I followed your advice, have not spent a penny for drugs of any sort, and I am cured."

sewerage. It goes to your face in the form of pimples, boils, and skin eruptions. It goes to your head and gives you headache and dizziness. It goes to your brain and makes you drowsy. It weakens the stomach and causes dyspepsia, and bad breath. It goes to the liver and causes biliousness. It goes to the kidneys and eventually gives rise to Bright's Disease. It goes to the heart and makes it thump. It goes to the eyes and they lose their lustre. It makes your nerves shaky and weak and out-of-sorts. This is the advertisement of all kinds of disease, which you couldn't get at all if there was pure, rich red blood flowing in your veins and arteries. Prof. Midgley's advice.

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Look Out for Your Nerves!

There is hardly anything which reacts so quickly and surely as regular bowels. Most people who have weak nerves and are run down are chronically constipated. It is surprising in how short a time a man or woman can build up a strong body by being absolutely regular and taking Prof. Midgley's advice.

Our readers can be positively certain of results if they will send for Prof. Midgley's book and follow his advice. He is known all over the country, and his "Constipation Wizard" is a wonderful, and so simple, that it makes you wonder how the world was ever so long in getting it right at home.

There is nobody else in this country who has given this disease such deep professional study as Prof. Midgley. His advice is the only one that has saved hundreds of dollars, and you will have saved years of misery, bad health and danger of disease.

You will realize within a few hours what it is to really live and have that exulting feeling of perfect health, cheerful spirit, good digestion, clear mind, quiet memory, energy, courage and ambition to a degree which you probably never before could understand or experience—and all this, by merely following the simple advice of a man whose advice hundreds have been cured in a most remarkable manner.

How to Get the Advice.

All you have to do is to cut out the coupon, fill in your name and address on the blank lines, and send it to Prof. T. H. Midgley, 124 Midgley Block, Kalamazoo, Mich., and he will, by return mail, send you absolutely free, his book showing you how to cure your self of chronic constipation, right at home, absolutely regular and safe, without cathartics or powders. He will also send you, by letter, his expert advice upon any point relating to constipation, on which you may ask information. Mail the coupon today.

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Results of Constipation.

"When a train is stuck in the tunnel and cannot be dislodged, it stops traffic. With the body it is worse, because when there is a blocking-up somewhere from the blockage is going to be soaked up by the little capillaries on the inside lining of the bowels, and all this poison is rushed right through the blood."

"It goes to the brain naturally, and to every part of the body, every organ being fed on this polluted blood, or